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WIN A Columbia TEN-SPEED FORMULA 10™ RACER!
DETAILS INSIDE

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DAREDEVIL®

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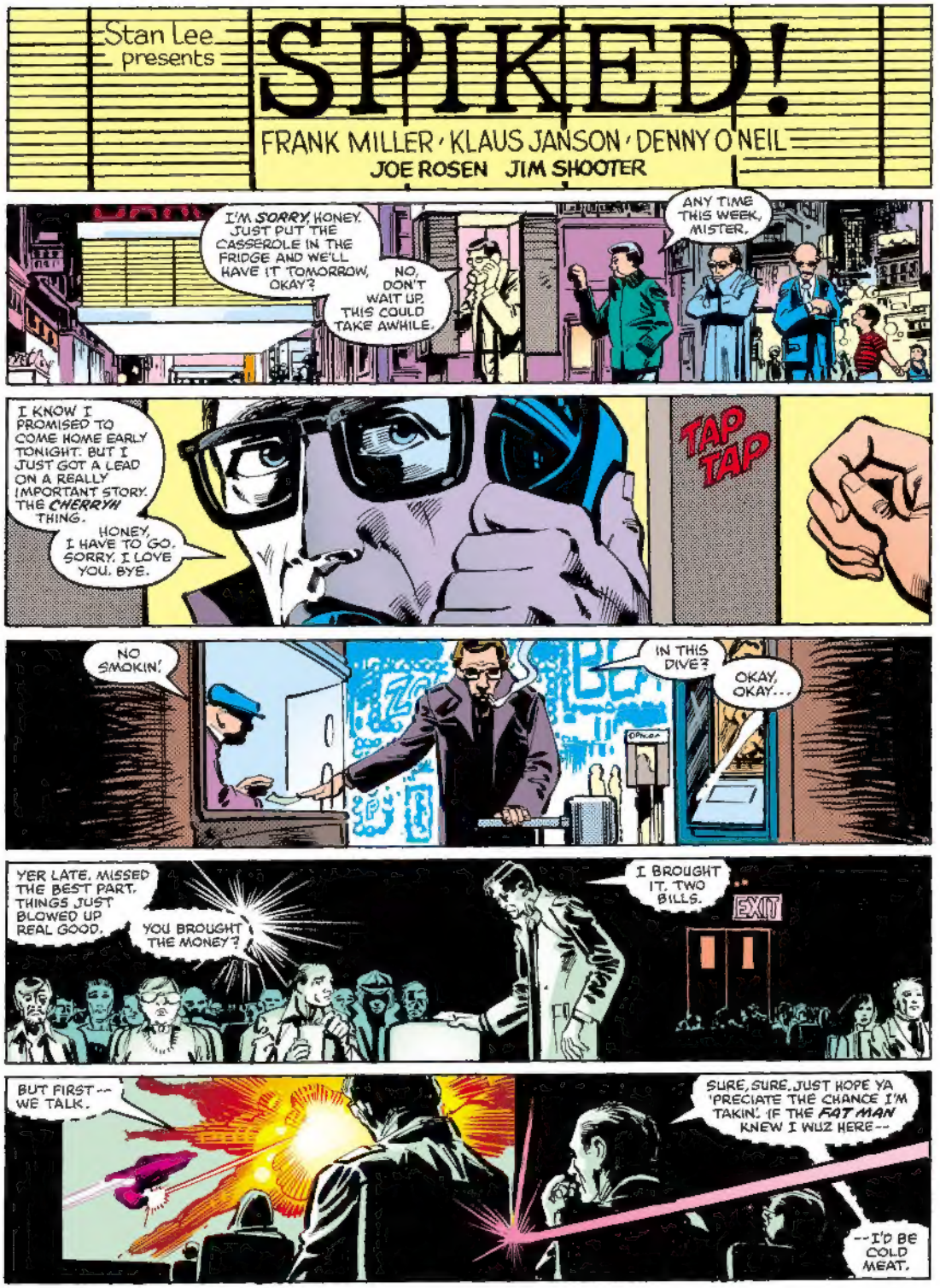
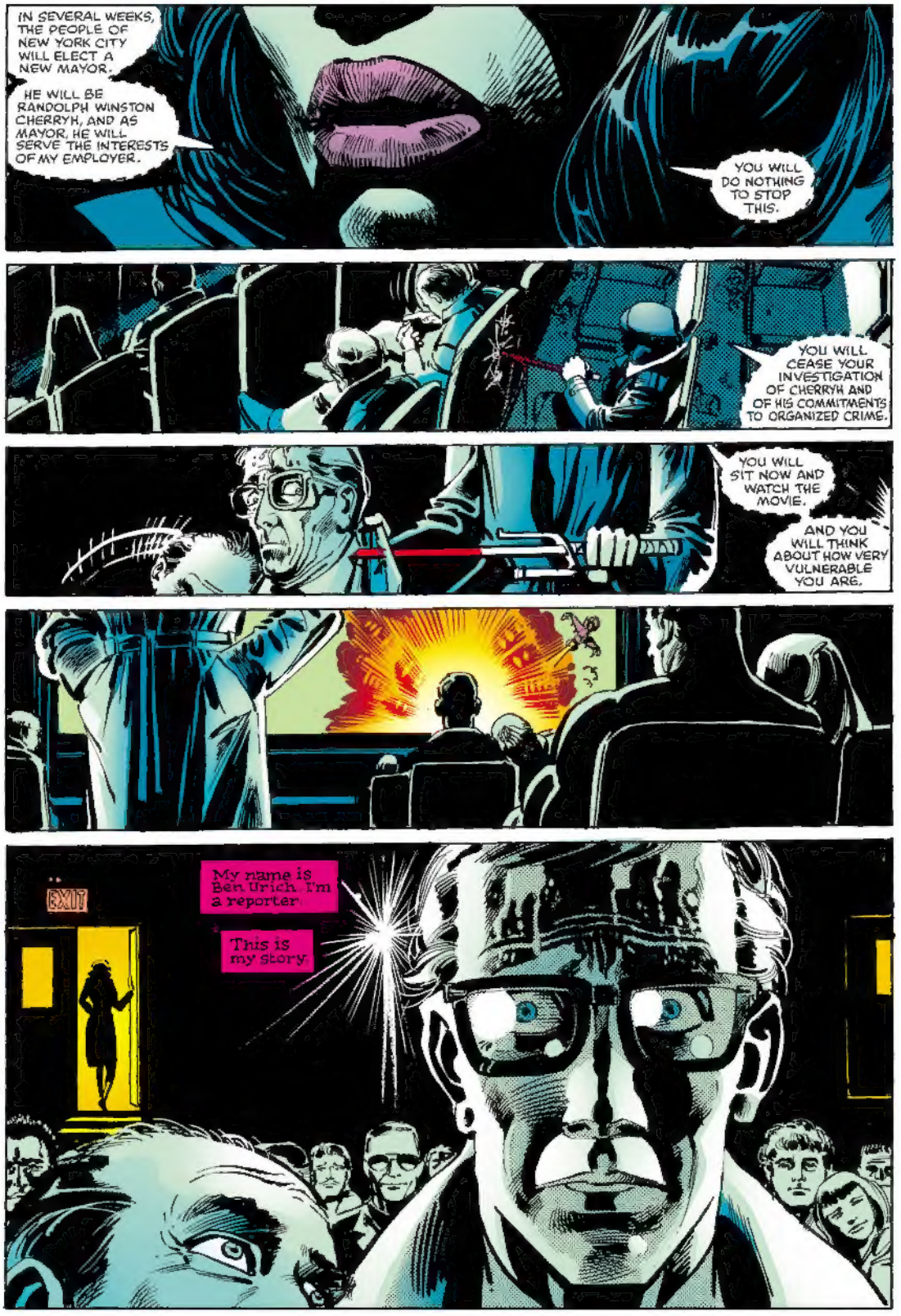
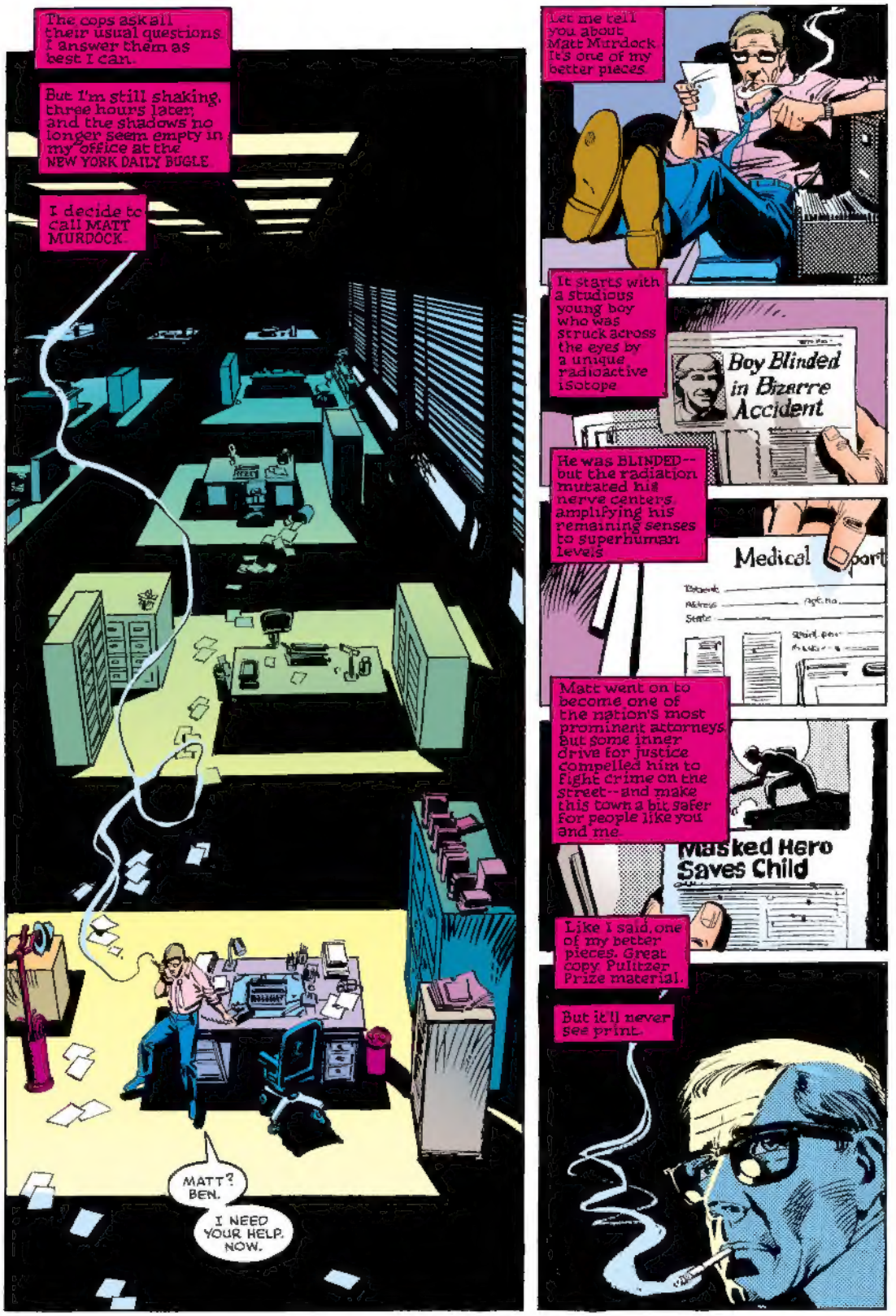
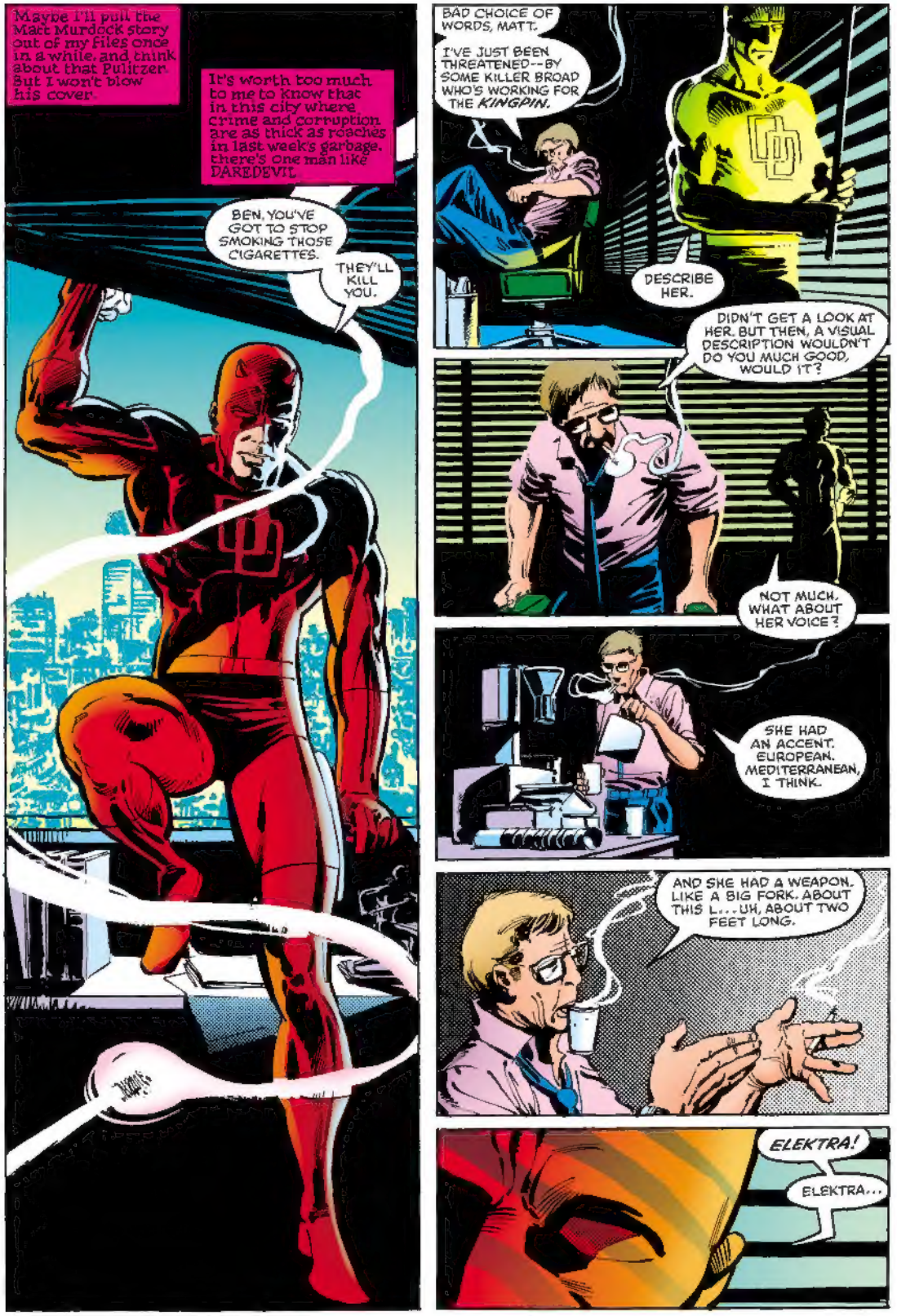
...SOMEBODY HAD TO WIN!

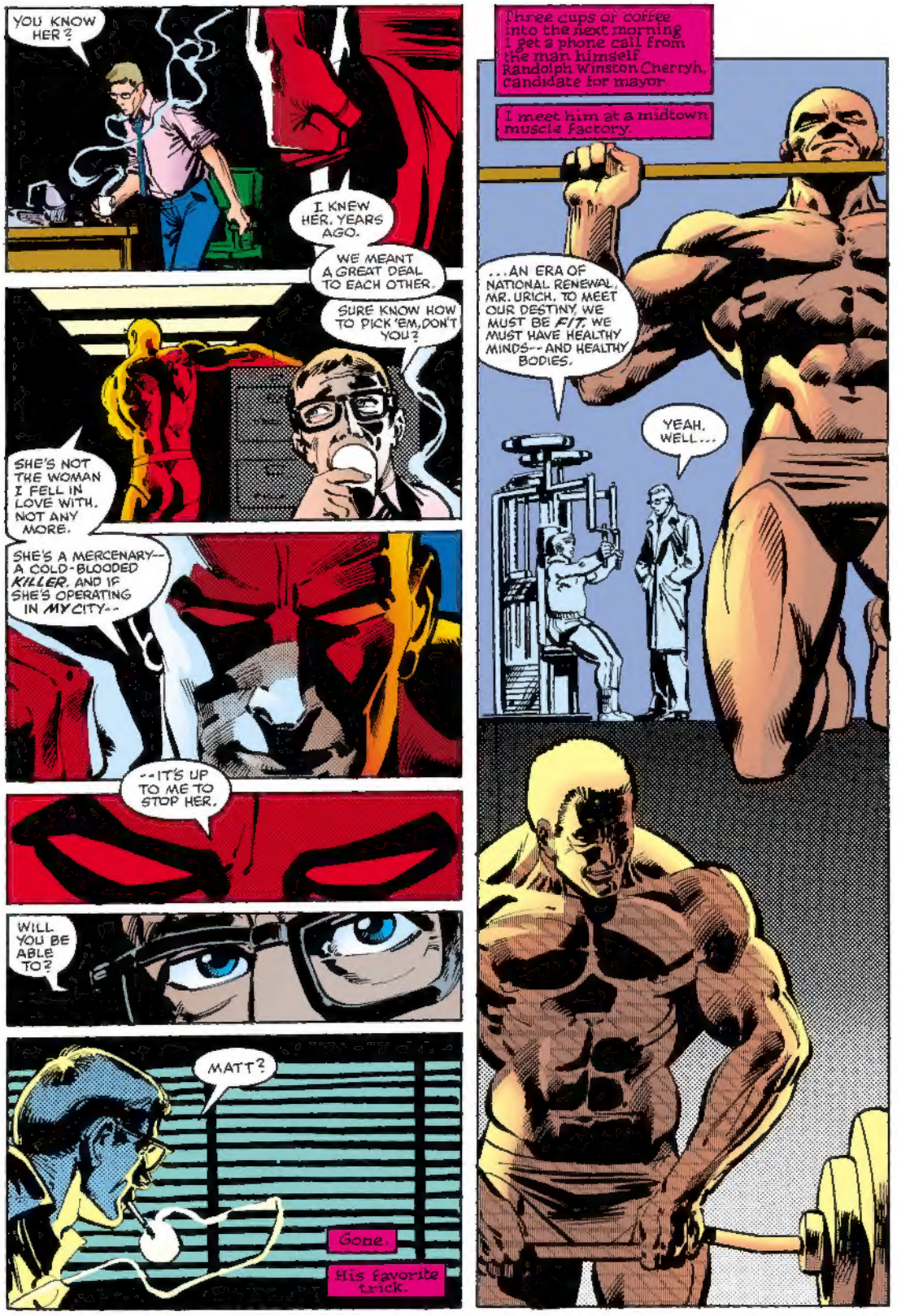

Stan Lee presents
SPIKED!
FRANK MILLER · KLAUS JANSON · DENNY O'NEIL
JOE ROSEN JIM SHOOTER
I'M SORRY, HONEY. JUST PUT THE CASSEROLE IN THE FRIDGE AND WE'LL HAVE IT TOMORROW, OKAY?
NO, DON'T WAIT UP. THIS COULD TAKE AWHILE.
ANY TIME THIS WEEK, MISTER.
I KNOW I PROMISED TO COME HOME EARLY TONIGHT. BUT I JUST GOT A LEAD ON A REALLY IMPORTANT STORY. THE CHERRYH THING.
HONEY, I HAVE TO GO. SORRY. I LOVE YOU. BYE.
TAP TAP
NO SMOKIN'.
IN THIS DIVE?
OKAY, OKAY...
YER LATE. MISSED THE BEST PART. THINGS JUST BLOWED UP REAL GOOD.
YOU BROUGHT THE MONEY?
I BROUGHT IT. TWO BILLS.
EXIT
BUT FIRST -- WE TALK.
SURE, SURE. JUST HOPE YA 'PRECIATE THE CHANCE I'M TAKIN'. IF THE FAT MAN KNEW I WUZ HERE --
--I'D BE COLD MEAT.

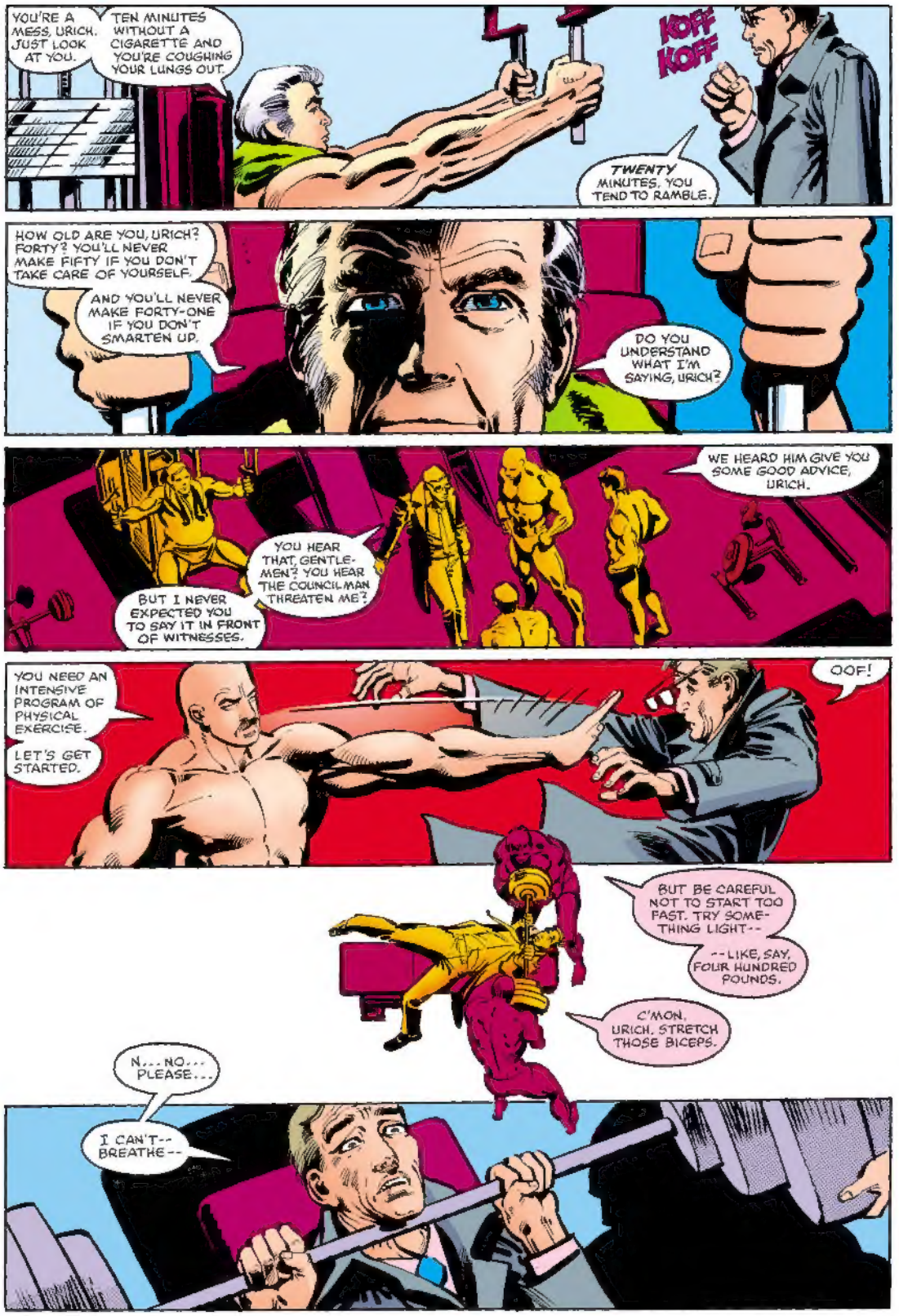
THE MOB'S GOT *MUCHO DINERO* INVESTED IN THAT CHERRYH GUY. BIG BUCKS. AND THEY--
OW.
YOUR FRIEND IS DEAD, MR. URICK.
MOVE, OR SPEAK--
--AND YOU WILL JOIN HIM.

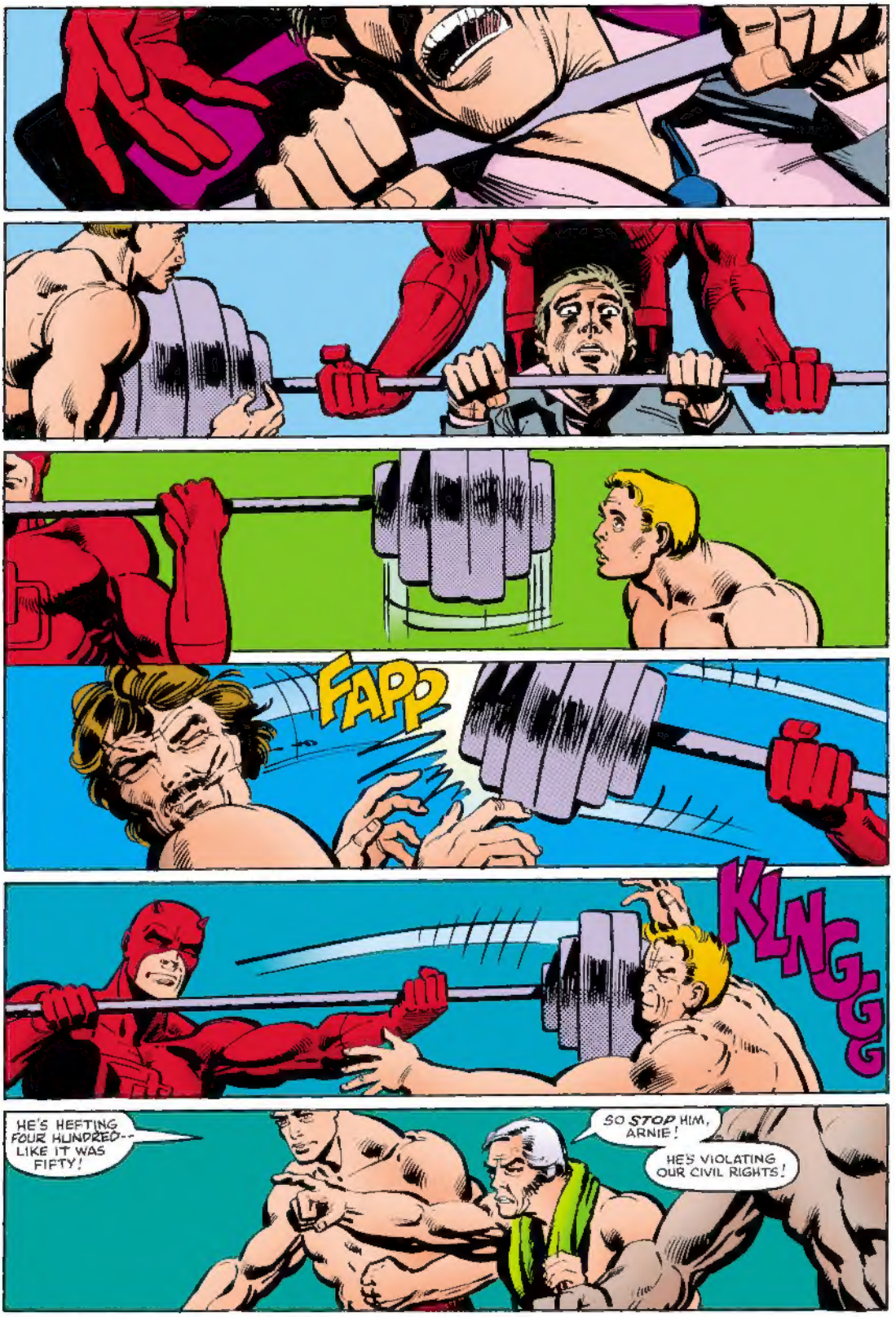

IN SEVERAL WEEKS, THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK CITY WILL ELECT A NEW MAYOR.
HE WILL BE RANDOLPH WINSTON CHERRYH, AND AS MAYOR, HE WILL SERVE THE INTERESTS OF MY EMPLOYER.
YOU WILL DO NOTHING TO STOP THIS.
YOU WILL CEASE YOUR INVESTIGATION OF CHERRYH AND OF HIS COMMITMENTS TO ORGANIZED CRIME.
YOU WILL SIT NOW AND WATCH THE MOVIE.
AND YOU WILL THINK ABOUT HOW VERY VULNERABLE YOU ARE.
EXIT
My name is Ben Urich. I'm a reporter.
This is my story.

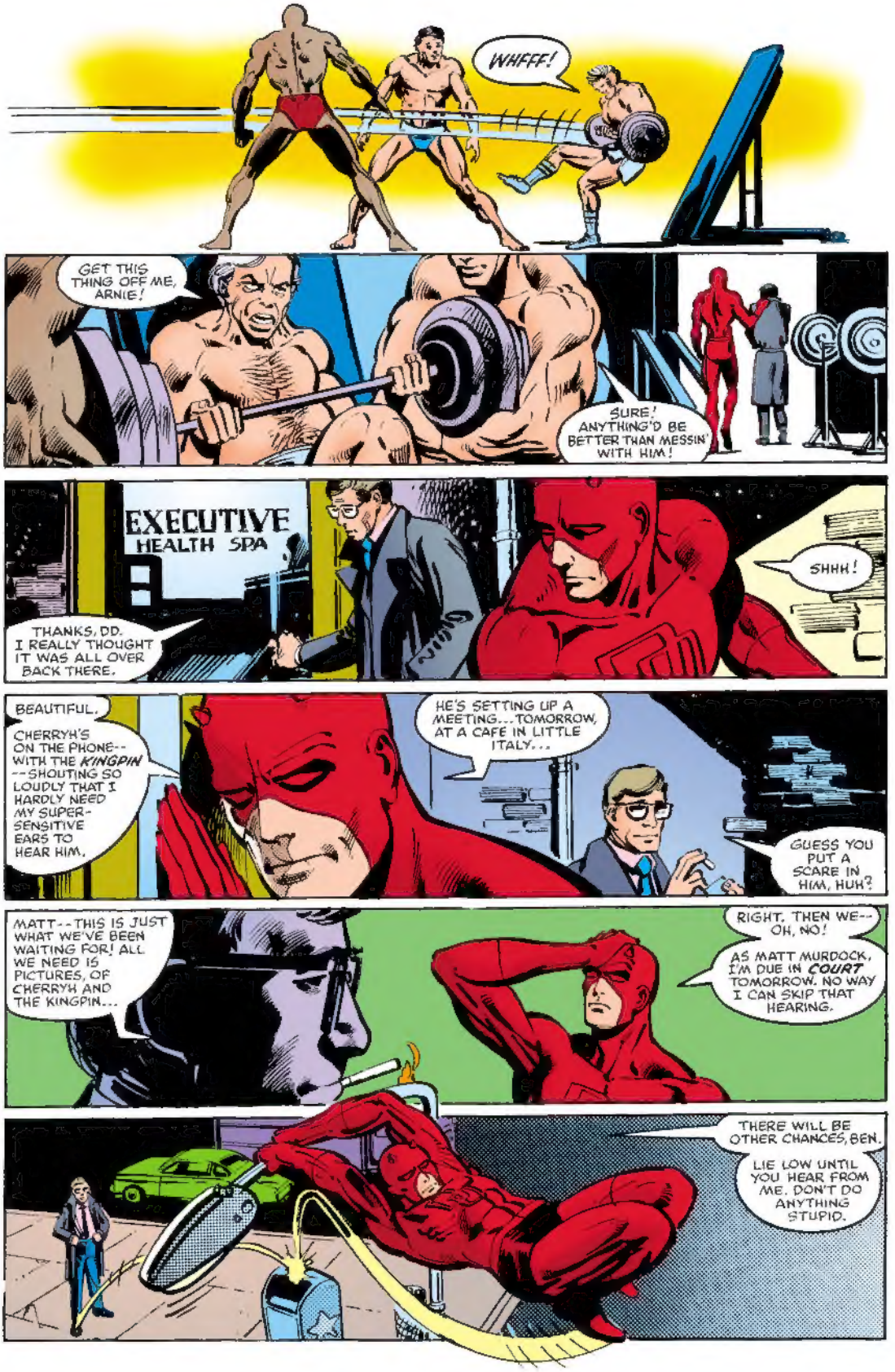

The cops ask all their usual questions. I answer them as best I can.
But I'm still shaking, three hours later, and the shadows no longer seem empty in my office at the NEW YORK DAILY BUGLE.
I decide to call MATT MURDOCK.
MATT? BEN.
I NEED YOUR HELP. NOW.
Let me tell you about Matt Murdock. It's one of my better pieces.
It starts with a studious young boy who was struck across the eyes by a unique radioactive isotope
Boy Blinded in Bizarre Accident
He was BLINDED--but the radiation mutated his nerve centers, amplifying his remaining senses to superhuman levels.
Medical Report
Matt went on to become one of the nation's most prominent attorneys. But some inner drive for justice compelled him to fight crime on the street--and make this town a bit safer for people like you and me.
Masked Hero Saves Child
Like I said, one of my better pieces. Great copy. Pulitzer Prize material.
But it'll never see print.

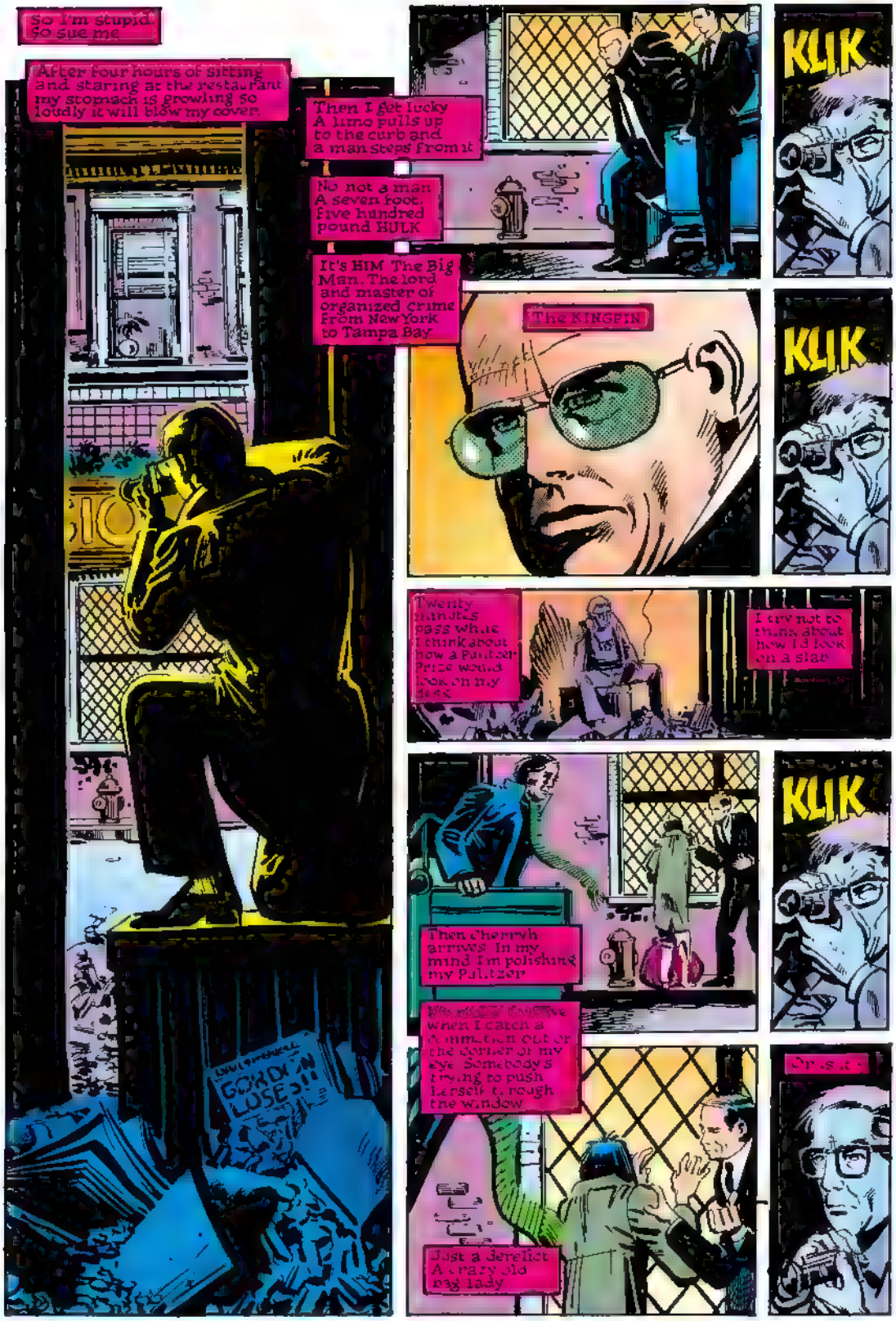

Maybe I'll pull the Matt Murdock story out of my files once in a while, and think about that Pulitzer. But I won't blow his cover.
It's worth too much to me to know that in this city where crime and corruption are as thick as roaches in last week's garbage, there's one man like DAREDEVIL.
BEN, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP SMOKING THOSE CIGARETTES.
THEY'LL KILL YOU.
BAD CHOICE OF WORDS, MATT.
I'VE JUST BEEN THREATENED--BY SOME KILLER BROAD WHO'S WORKING FOR THE KINGPIN.
DESCRIBE HER.
DIDN'T GET A LOOK AT HER. BUT THEN, A VISUAL DESCRIPTION WOULDN'T DO YOU MUCH GOOD, WOULD IT?
NOT MUCH. WHAT ABOUT HER VOICE?
SHE HAD AN ACCENT. EUROPEAN. MEDITERRANEAN, I THINK.
AND SHE HAD A WEAPON. LIKE A BIG FORK. ABOUT THIS L...UH, ABOUT TWO FEET LONG.
ELEKTRA!
ELEKTRA...

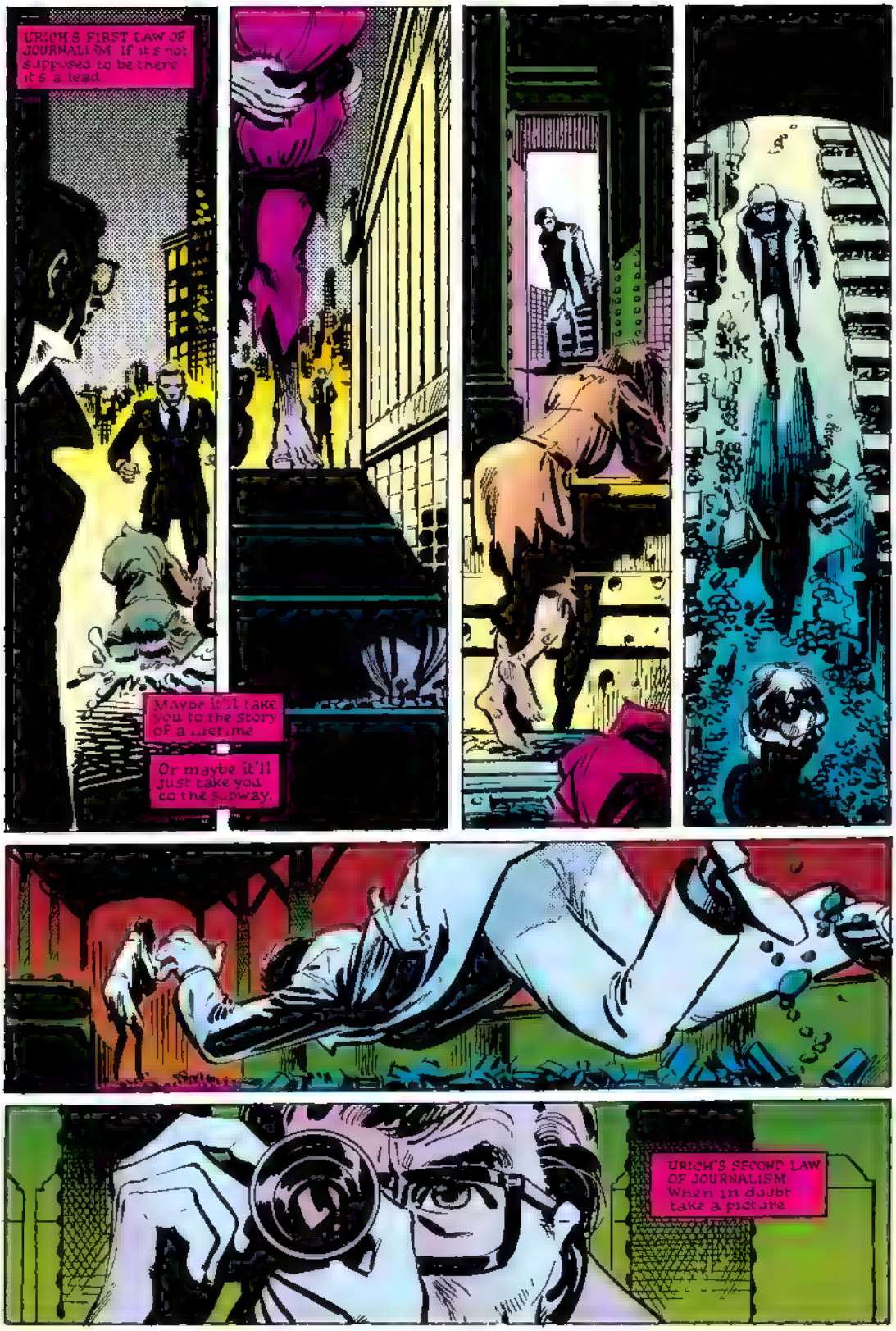

YOU KNOW HER?
I KNEW HER. YEARS AGO.
WE MEANT A GREAT DEAL TO EACH OTHER.
SURE KNOW HOW TO PICK 'EM, DON'T YOU?
SHE'S NOT THE WOMAN I FELL IN LOVE WITH. NOT ANY MORE.
SHE'S A MERCENARY--A COLD-BLOODED KILLER. AND IF SHE'S OPERATING IN MY CITY--
--IT'S UP TO ME TO STOP HER.
WILL YOU BE ABLE TO?
MATT?
Gone.
His favorite trick.
Three cups of coffee into the next morning I get a phone call from the man himself. Randolph Winston Cherryh, candidate for mayor.
I meet him at a midtown muscle factory.
...AN ERA OF NATIONAL RENEWAL, MR. URICH. TO MEET OUR DESTINY WE MUST BE FIT. WE MUST HAVE HEALTHY MINDS--AND HEALTHY BODIES.
YEAH. WELL...


YOU'RE A MESS, URICH. JUST LOOK AT YOU.
TEN MINUTES WITHOUT A CIGARETTE AND YOU'RE COUGHING YOUR LUNGS OUT.
KOFF KOFF
TWENTY MINUTES. YOU TEND TO RAMBLE.
HOW OLD ARE YOU, URICH? FORTY? YOU'LL NEVER MAKE FIFTY IF YOU DON'T TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.
AND YOU'LL NEVER MAKE FORTY-ONE IF YOU DON'T SMARTEN UP.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING, URICH?
WE HEARD HIM GIVE YOU SOME GOOD ADVICE, URICH.
YOU HEAR THAT, GENTLEMEN? YOU HEAR THE COUNCILMAN THREATEN ME?
BUT I NEVER EXPECTED YOU TO SAY IT IN FRONT OF WITNESSES.
YOU NEED AN INTENSIVE PROGRAM OF PHYSICAL EXERCISE.
LET'S GET STARTED.
OOF!
BUT BE CAREFUL NOT TO START TOO FAST. TRY SOMETHING LIGHT--
--LIKE, SAY, FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS.
C'MON, URICH. STRETCH THOSE BICEPS.
N...NO... PLEASE...
I CAN'T-- BREATHE--

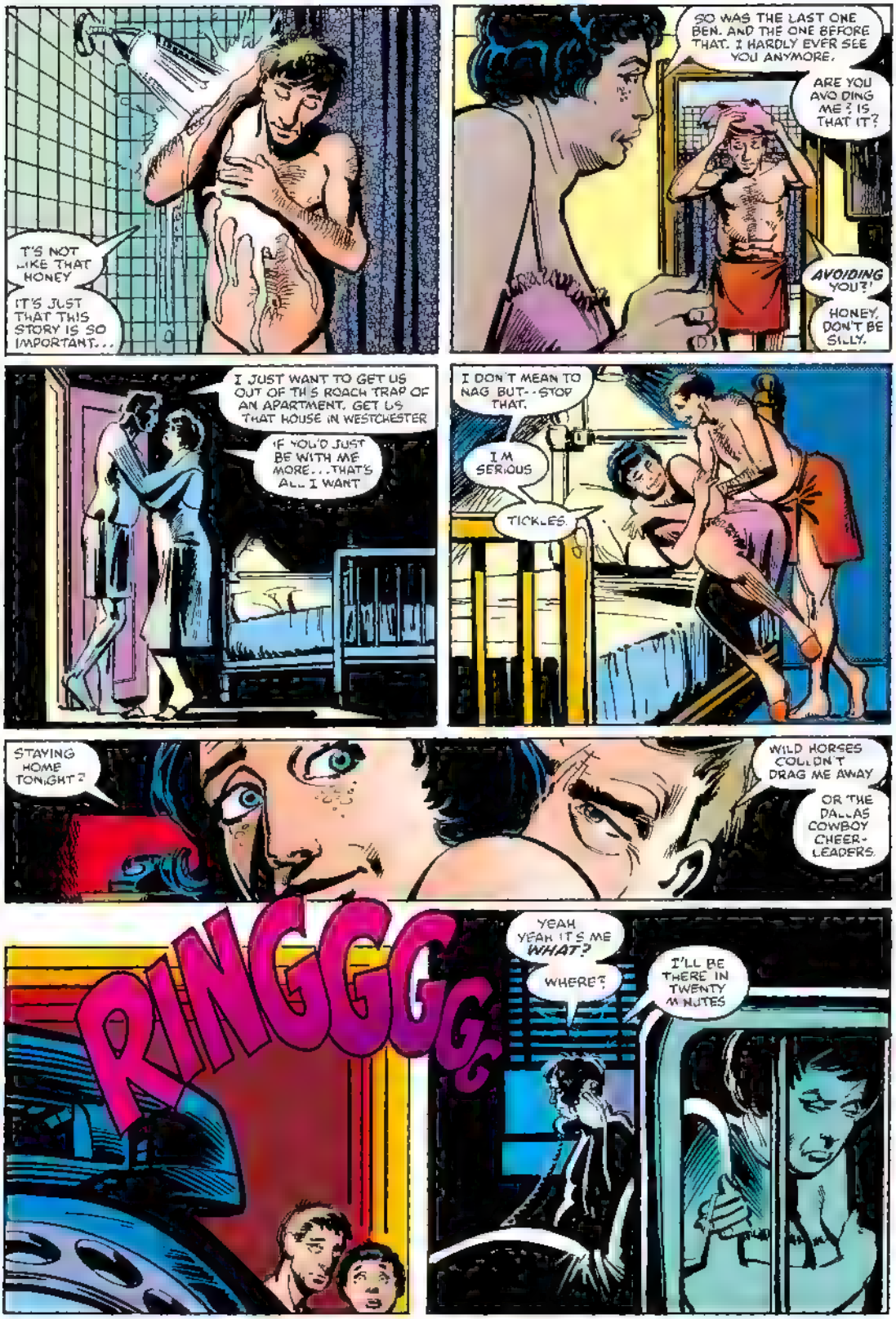

FAPP
KLNGGG
HE'S HEFTING FOUR HUNDRED--LIKE IT WAS FIFTY!
SO STOP HIM, ARNIE!
HE'S VIOLATING OUR CIVIL RIGHTS!


WHFFF!
GET THIS THING OFF ME, ARNIE!
SURE! ANYTHING'D BE BETTER THAN MESSIN' WITH HIM!
EXECUTIVE HEALTH SPA
THANKS, DD. I REALLY THOUGHT IT WAS ALL OVER BACK THERE.
SHHH!
BEAUTIFUL. CHERRYH'S ON THE PHONE--WITH THE KINGPIN--SHOUTING SO LOUDLY THAT I HARDLY NEED MY SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS TO HEAR HIM.
HE'S SETTING UP A MEETING...TOMORROW, AT A CAFE IN LITTLE ITALY...
GUESS YOU PUT A SCARE IN HIM, HUH?
MATT--THIS IS JUST WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! ALL WE NEED IS PICTURES, OF CHERRYH AND THE KINGPIN...
RIGHT. THEN WE--OH, NO!
AS MATT MURDOCK, I'M DUE IN COURT TOMORROW. NO WAY I CAN SKIP THAT HEARING.
THERE WILL BE OTHER CHANCES, BEN.
LIE LOW UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM ME. DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID.


So I'm stupid. So sue me
After four hours of sitting and staring at the restaurant my stomach is growling so loudly it will blow my cover.
Then I get lucky. A limo pulls up to the curb and a man steps from it.
No not a man. A seven foot, five hundred pound HULK.
It's HIM. The Big Man. The lord and master of organized crime from New York to Tampa Bay.
KLIK
The KINGPIN
KLIK
Twenty minutes pass while I think about how a Pulitzer Prize would look on my desk.
I try not to think about how I'd look on a slab.
KLIK
Then Cherryh arrives. In my mind I'm polishing my Pulitzer.
When I catch a commotion out of the corner of my eye. Somebody's trying to push herself through the window.
Just a derelict. A crazy old bag lady.
Or is it.

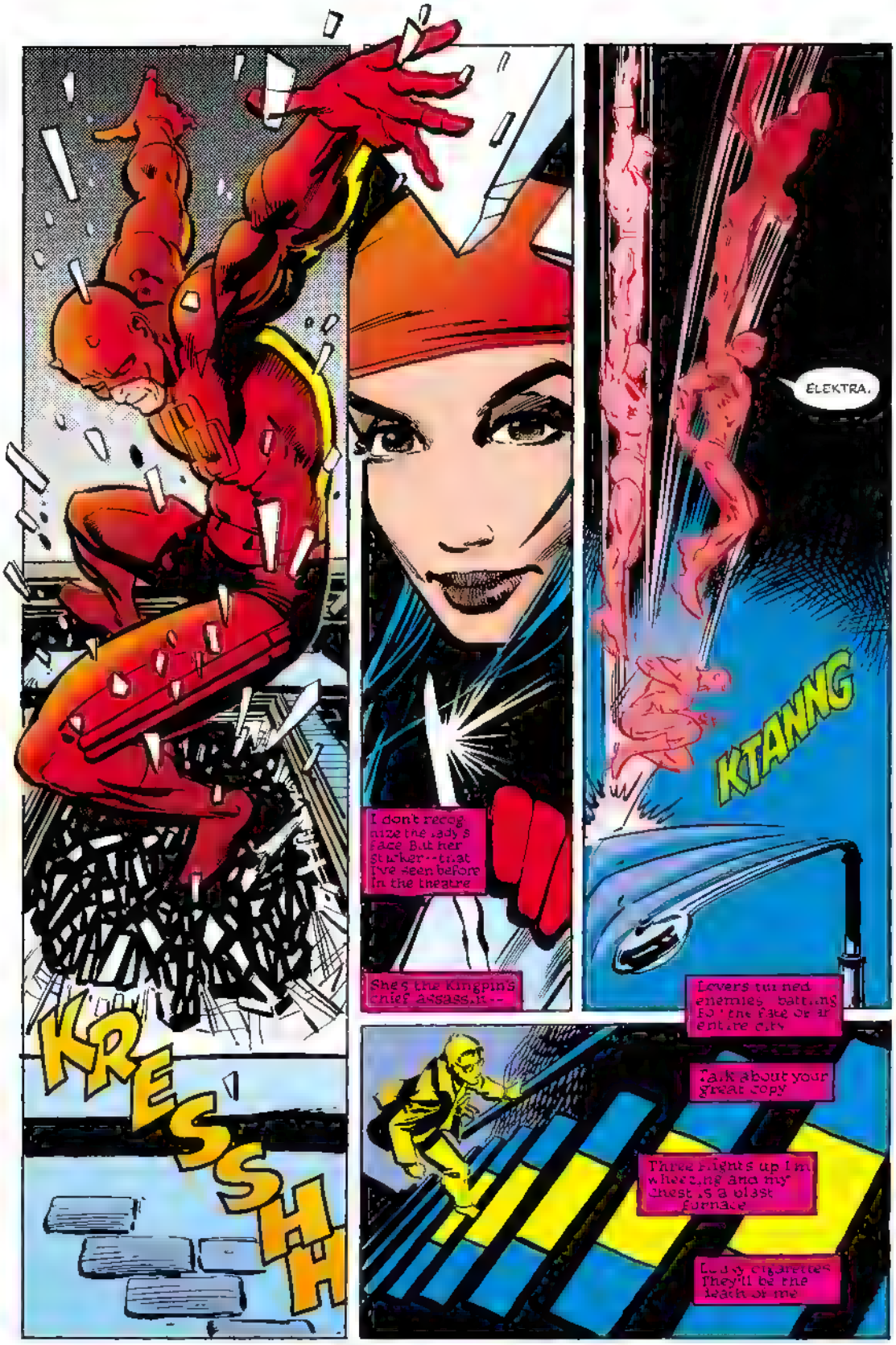

URICH'S FIRST LAW OF JOURNALISM If it's not supposed to be there it's a lead.
Maybe it'll take you to the story of a lifetime
Or maybe it'll just take you to the subway.
URICH'S SECOND LAW OF JOURNALISM When in doubt take a picture.

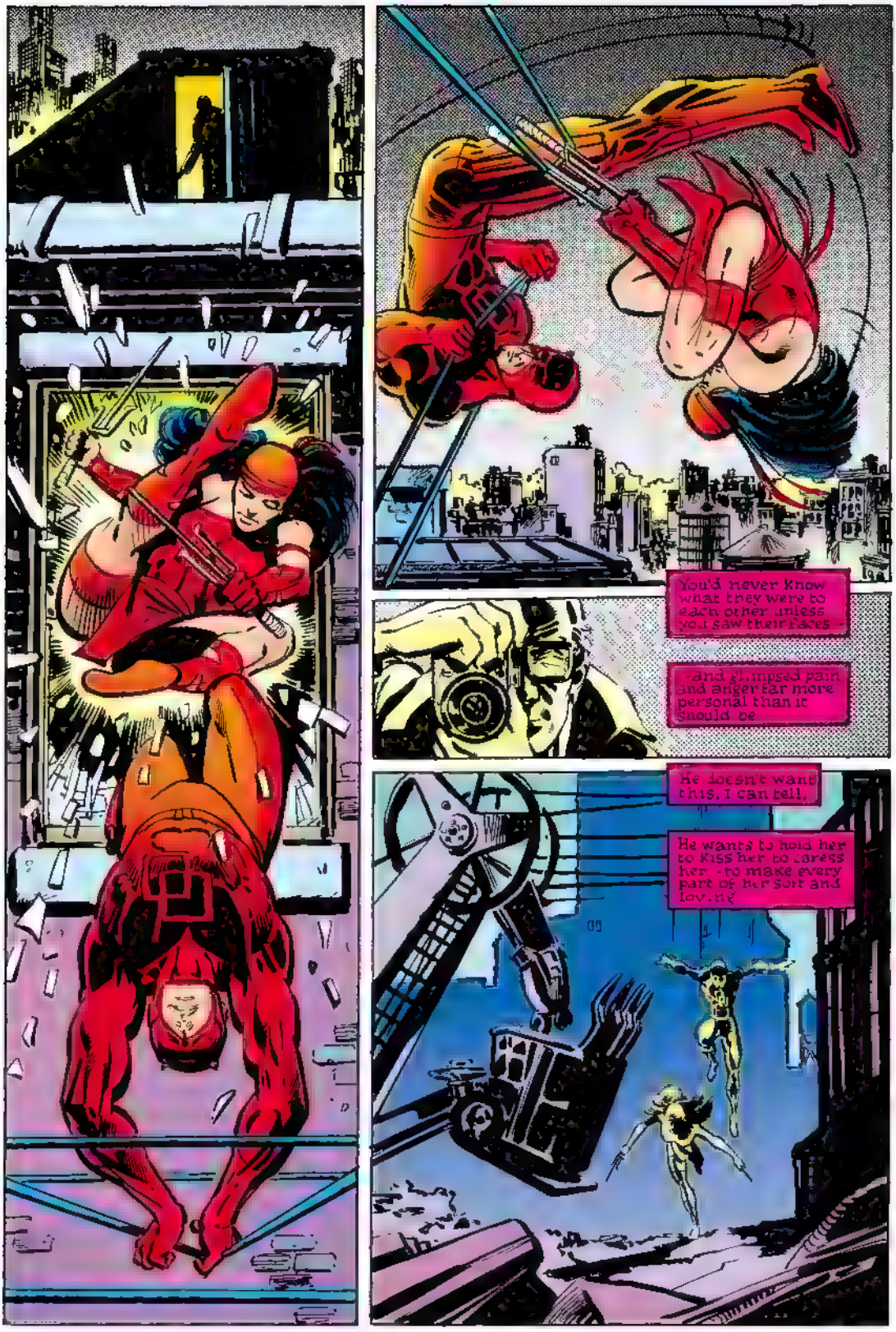
A bag lady. Just a lousy smelly bag lady
I was expecting maybe royalty!
She scrambles away and leaves me sitting in the sewage
Oh well. Anything to further the holy cause of the Fourth Estate
Too bad my wife doesn't see it that way
WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS, BEN. YOU'RE KILLING YOURSELF.


IT'S NOT LIKE THAT HONEY
IT'S JUST THAT THIS STORY IS SO IMPORTANT...
SO WAS THE LAST ONE BEN. AND THE ONE BEFORE THAT. I HARDLY EVER SEE YOU ANYMORE.
ARE YOU AVOIDING ME? IS THAT IT?
AVOIDING YOU?
HONEY, DON'T BE SILLY.
I JUST WANT TO GET US OUT OF THIS ROACH TRAP OF AN APARTMENT. GET US THAT HOUSE IN WESTCHESTER
IF YOU'D JUST BE WITH ME MORE...THAT'S ALL I WANT
I DON'T MEAN TO NAG BUT--STOP THAT.
I'M SERIOUS
TICKLES.
STAYING HOME TONIGHT?
WILD HORSES COULDN'T DRAG ME AWAY
OR THE DALLAS COWBOY CHEER-LEADERS.
RINGGGG
YEAH, YEAH IT'S ME
WHAT?
WHERE?
I'LL BE THERE IN TWENTY MINUTES

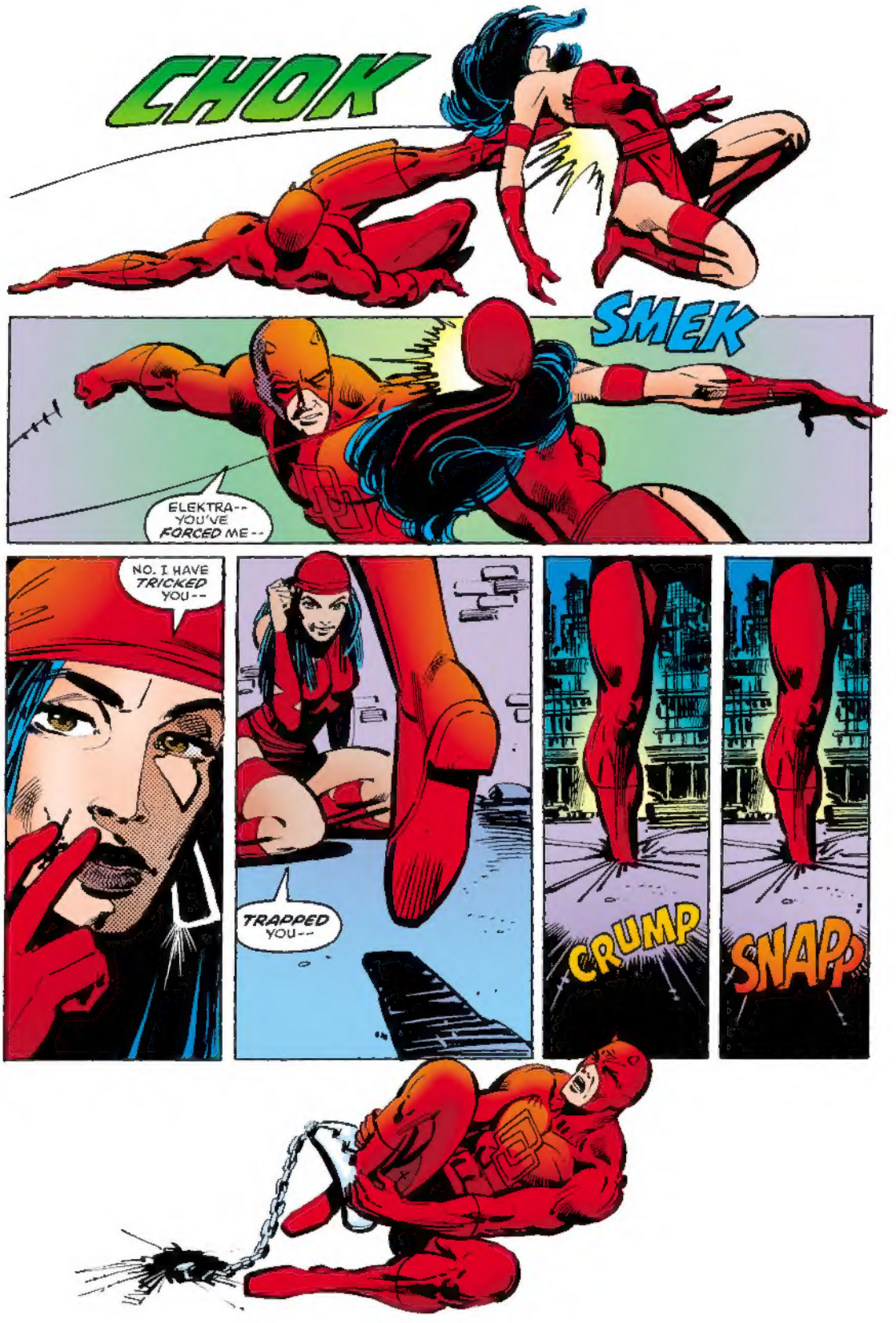
I cab it to a Times Square diner
STILL SMOKING THOSE WEEDS, EH, BENNY BOY?
BET YOUR LUNGS LOOK LIKE SOMETHING DIED IN THEM.
DON'T LET IT MAKE YOU BITTER.
WHAT'VE YOU GOT?
CLEAN LUNGS. PINK AS A BABY'S BOTTOM.
ALSO, A TIP FOR YOU THAT'S WORTH THREE BILLS, EASY.
Y'SEE CHERRYH'S GOT HIMSELF A LADY--A SECRET LADY HE MEETS TWICE A WEEK IN THAT HOTEL CROSS THE WAY.
JUST TO WORK OFF TENSION, Y'KNOW?
ANYWAY, HE TALKS TO HER--'BOUT HIS MARRIAGE HIS JOB, EVERYTHING
AND SHE'S MAYBE WILLING TO TALK TO YOU.
MAYBE.
DAREDEVIL??
BACK OFF, RED. I'LL SLICE YOU AND DICE YOU
SUDDENLY EVERY SMALL-TIME OPERATOR IN TOWN IS BURSTING WITH NEWS ABOUT CHERRYH'S "SECRET LADY."
WHICH MEANS EITHER THE KINGPIN'S BEEN VERY, VERY SLOPPY--WHICH HE ISN'T--
--OR HE WANTS US TO GO INTO THAT HOTEL.
WHICH MEANS IT'S A TRAP.
PROBABLY FILLED WITH MEN AND GUNS.
OOF!

SIT TIGHT BEN I'LL CHECK T OUT
SURE, I'M NO HERO
Subtle he's not
THWAK
WHUD
CHOK
More like a one man swat team
KLUGG
BLAM
BLAMM
WHOK
Then, abruptly
Silence
Don't do this to me Matt
Come to the window
Tell me everything's okay
Matt


KRESSHH
I don't recognize the lady's face. But her striker--that I've seen before in the theatre
She's the Kingpin's chief assassin--
ELEKTRA.
KTANNG
Lovers turned enemies battling to the fate of an entire city
Talk about your great copy
Three flights up I'm wheezing and my chest is a blast furnace
Lucky cigarettes. They'll be the death of me

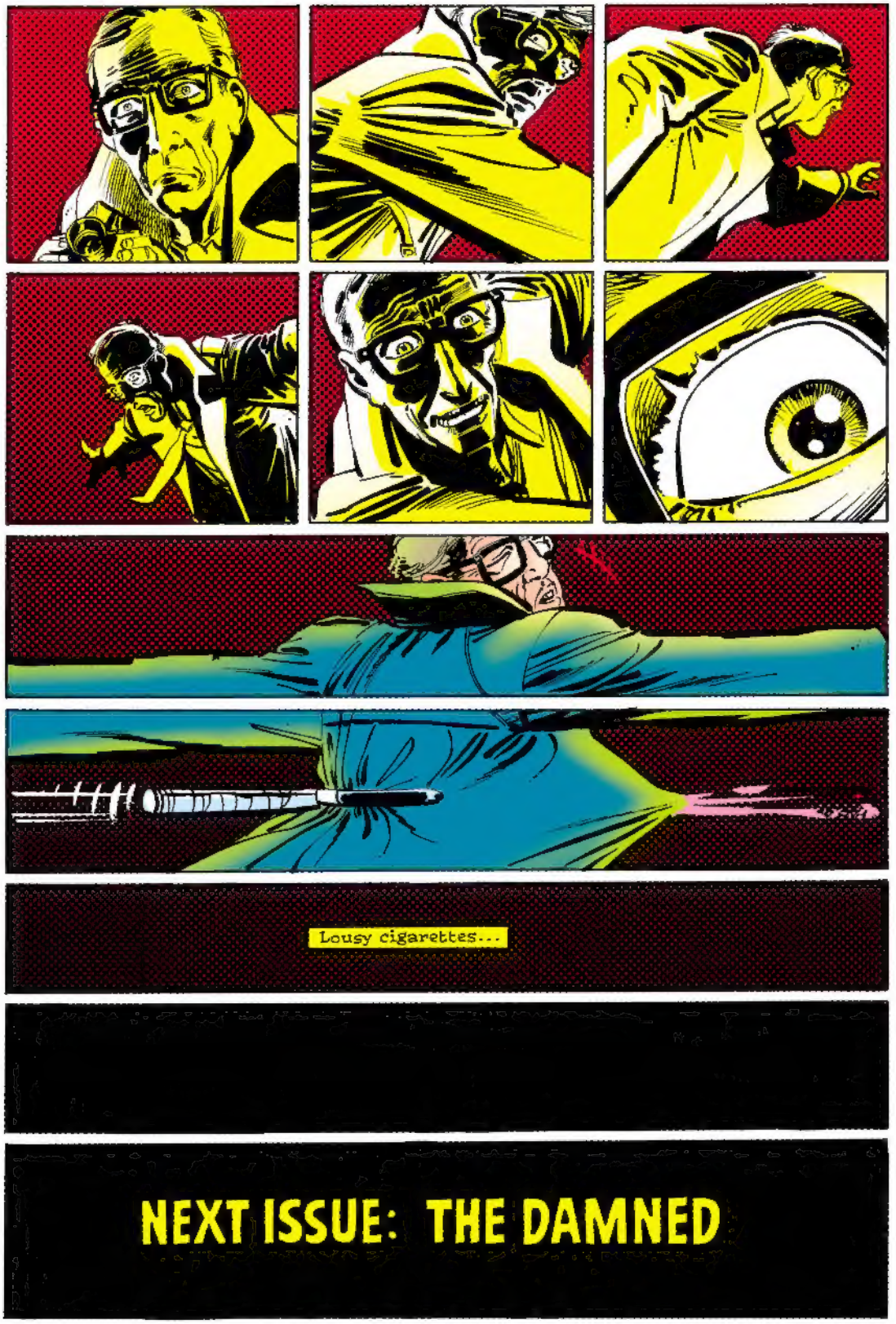

You'd never know what they were to each other unless you saw their faces -
-and glimpsed pain and anger far more personal than it should be
He doesn't want this, I can tell.
He wants to hold her to kiss her to caress her - to make every part of her soft and lov.ng

KLUGG
THWA KKKK
WHOKKKK
SKREK


CHOK
SMEK
ELEKTRA-- YOU'VE FORCED ME --
NO. I HAVE TRICKED YOU--
TRAPPED YOU--
CRUMP
SNAPP

BE GRATEFUL THAT I DID NOT SET THAT TRAP TO SEVER YOUR FOOT. I WOULD HAVE--
--BUT THEN, YOU WOULD NOT BE SO COMPLETELY IMMOBILIZED.
SO UTTERLY HELPLESS...
SKREKK
ELEKTRA--!

KOFF
KOFF


Lousy cigarettes...
NEXT ISSUE: THE DAMNED